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### BEEF TRUST PRICES.

Sirloin steaks are down two cents a pound in Chicago, pork three cents, and beef for roasting or boiling six cents. The reduction in prices began in Kansas City, where the increased supply of cattle and hogs made it obligatory on the packers to furnish the trade with lower quotations. The cut reached Chicago a week later. It is overdue in New York, but no confident expectation is indulged of its speedy arrival.

As for the prices of meat that have recently prevailed here, figures compiled by Mr. E. G. Dunnell show the extent to which the Beef Trust has been mulcting consumers, and particularly those least capable of meeting the higher prices. Thus, whereas in two years the price of sirloin steak has advanced 15 per cent., and that of porterhouse 22, chuck steak has increased 71 per cent., pork loin 40, ham 44, pork sausage 50, and corned beef 60. Chickens are dearer by 50 per cent. than in 1900.

It is on the very poor that a rise in prices of the staple commodities always falls heaviest. This year they have the additional burden to bear of dearer fuel. Kerosene oil in the east-side groceries is 14 cents a gallon, nearly double what it was last summer, when a price of seven and a half cents a gallon was quoted. Coal to-day, bought in small quantities, is 13 cents a pall, which is at the rate of \$14 a ton. These are prohibitive prices, and their worst feature is that they necessitate an economy of expenses where economy is most oppressive—in the food that means good bodily health.

### DANCING AND DEATH.

Sometimes when a young athlete, conscious of his absolute physical soundness, presents himself at a life insurance office for examination the doctor says "cardiac hypertrophy" and rejects his application. His trouble is the same as that from which a dancer at Weber & Fields' died, and from which a dancer in "The Silver Slipper" is reported to be suffering—athletic heart. It is a form of enlargement of the heart, "overnourishment," as the euphemistic medical phrase means, and is the result of an undue amount of work put on that organ. It progresses into fatty degeneration and causes death.

The exertion of drawing-room dancing, such as waltzing, is sufficiently severe to have been the direct cause of numerous sudden deaths. One of the most pathetic was that of a bride at McKeesport, who died on her wedding night after her ninety-fourth waltz. Waiting killed Jennie Howitz, a Bridgeport factory girl, celebrated for her graceful dancing; and Mrs. Caroline Nash, of Greenport, expired after a prolonged two-step. On the other hand, Prof. Carter waltzed for sixteen consecutive hours at Tammany Hall without serious result, and Prof. Julian Carpenter made a waltzing record of thirteen hours in Philadelphia.

Professional or ballet dancing, far more taxing on the muscles and exerting an excessive strain on the heart, is very rarely productive of a breakdown. There was an exception in the "Lynda" figure dance in "The Rogers Brothers at Harvard," in which George Irving overexerted herself with fatal result and several other dancers fainted. The difficult muscular feat of standing for a prolonged period on the toes of one foot while the other was extended at right angles with the body was responsible for these cases of collapse.

But in general professional dancing has been found conducive to longevity. This has been especially true of women dancers. Taglioni lived to be eighty, Fanny Elssler lived past middle life, and her sister Theresa, an almost equally famous danseuse, was seventy when she died. Carlotta Grisi survived most of her contemporaries. Cavalazzi, Sarah, who came over with Lydia Thompson's British Blondes and was the first of long skirt dancers; Bonfanti—all these lived past middle life. Of some more recent dancers of repute Otero is living, and Minnie Renwood and Lottie Collins. Carmencita is dead.

Several of the celebrated clog dancers, like Billy Welsh and Barney Fagin, gave way to consumption. Perhaps the dust of the old-time stage had something to do with it. A similar cause laid up many members of the Metropolitan ballet a few years ago with what their medical adviser called "ballet dancer's catarrh." But Billy Emerson and Dan Rice, "Little Mac," who did the difficult "Essence of Ole Virginny" dance; Andrews, the "Watermelon Man," and others survived to old age.

It is to be noted, of course, that the old-school dancer went through a long and rigorous training to fit her for the ordeal of the ballet. Usually the light opera or vaudeville corymbes had a far briefer preparation. The grace and dexterity may pass in full, but not always the physical stamina to stand the strain.

### IS SUICIDE A SIN?

In August, 1894, the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll wrote for The World an article entitled "Is Suicide a Sin" in the course of which he said:

A man being eaten by a cancer—a burden to himself and others, useless in every way—has a right to end his pain and pass through happy sleep to dreamless rest.

Letters from correspondents who approved and from others who emphatically disapproved immediately began to pour in until at the end of a month The World had printed perhaps fifty columns of them. A jury of representative New Yorkers impaneled by The World reviewed this evidence of popular opinion and rendered a verdict against Col. Ingersoll's proposition. The vote was nine to three, and among the jurors were Supt. Byrnes, Recorder Goff (then the Lexow prosecutor), Recorder Smyth, Sousa and Francis Wellman.

The finding of this jury is important now in view of the death by suicide within the past ten days of three persons, one man and two women, doomed by their doctors' verdict to a painful and not remote death from cancer, as was the case with two of the unfortunates, or consumption, with which the other was afflicted. Poison and the bullet ended it all for them speedily. The question which the Greeks began to discuss twenty-five centuries ago, and which is still under discussion, they settled individually with an affirmative answer.

The general opinion is that those who seek to anticipate nature by inflicting death with their own hands are cowards. Certainly we must acknowledge that those who struggle on under the torture of these diseases are brave. In Greater New York last year there were 2,463 deaths from cancer and 9,249 deaths from consumption. The question came to each of these sufferers as it came to the three who killed themselves, and they courageously answered No.

### JOKES OF THE DAY

"I like him. He dresses so quietly."  
"He does, eh? You ought to hear him when his collar button gets lost down his back!"

"That slangy fellow referred to my head as my 'upper story.'"  
"How rude of him! 'Vacant apartment' would have been so much more appropriate."

"Now is the time for farmers with whiskers to visit New York."  
"Why?"

"The bunco men are afraid to tackle any queer-looking chap for fear he may turn out to be St. Louis Jacobus."

"Had he anything to say. That book canvasser so gay. When with a gun you chased him from your door?"

And the grim householder sighed:  
"Well, it seemed to me he tried 'To make some running comments.' Nothing more."

"What objects can kings have in life?"  
"I fancy it's less a case of objects than of subjects."

"Who is that aristocratic person over there?"  
"That! Why, that's the lucky fellow who invented the wormless chestnut."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you believe in early marriages for women?"  
"Well, the earlier she marries the more prospects she has of a 'late husband.'"

Although the old date 1902 goes out of date so soon, Most folks will keep on writing it Till 'long about next June.

"How is that Russian patient of yours getting on?"  
"Oh, he's all well. I thought at first he had a violent fit of sneezing, but I found afterward he was only trying to pronounce his own name."

### SOMEBODIES.

CANDEE, ELISHA—has a unique record. He is seventy-seven and has just retired from the position of engineer on the Wabash Railroad after serving in that capacity for fifty-two years. In all that time he never had an accident.

HANNA, SENATOR—has closed his Washington house and will live at a hotel this winter; to the disgust of those to whom his famous corned beef hash breakfasts were so pleasant an attraction of capital life last year.

JUSTIN, M.—the great Russian singer, has "insured" his voice. He pays premiums yearly to a European company on the understanding that he shall receive a large sum of money from them when his voice gives out.

KAISER WILHELM—speaks six languages with perfect fluency and speaks English as well as his German. He said to have an English accent.

LAIBSON, PROF. H. G.—has returned from the Philippines with the statement that the Filipinos like our school system and that they take kindly to soap.

### NOT A GRAMMARIAN.

Senator John L. Wilson, of Oregon, is one of the most popular men in the State, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He went across the continent a few weeks ago with one of the pioneers of the State of Oregon. In the midst of a warm argument with a third passenger a dispute arose over the proper use of a word.

"I am willing to leave it to my friend from Portland," said Senator Wilson. "Tell us which is right; you are a grammarian."

"What did you say I was?" demanded the pioneer.  
"You are a grammarian," repeated the Senator.

"I am nothing of the kind, sir," he returned, with some indignation. "I am an Oregonian, and I'm proud of it."

The Senator "bought."

### A KITCHENER ANECDOTE.

The charge of woman-hating is absurd enough, but there can be no doubt of Lord Kitcheners' opinion of the "womanish" man. Nothing can be more uncompromising than his contempt for effeminacy. On his return from Egypt, it is said, a young social fop asked the General for his autograph, which he intended to have worked in silk on a filmy lace handkerchief he took out of his pocket. Kitcheners took up the scented handkerchief with the remark:

"Your sister's, I presume."  
"No, sir; my own. A very pretty pattern, isn't it?" replied the young lord.

"Very; what is your taste in hair-pins?" asked the man who had won back Khartoum.

### I'LL LIVE FOR THE LIVING.

A new mound rose near the foothills. And my heart was underneath: My friends were good, for they strewed it.

With blossom and clinging wreath; A voice came, borne on the stillness: "Though the way seem hard, be true."

On—live thy life for the living. As the dead have lived for you."

I raised my hand unto heaven And a voice I made that day. (The Voice had shown me my duty And a light shone on the way.)

And these, the words of promise, That my constant guide shall be: "I'll live my life for the living. As the dead have lived for me."

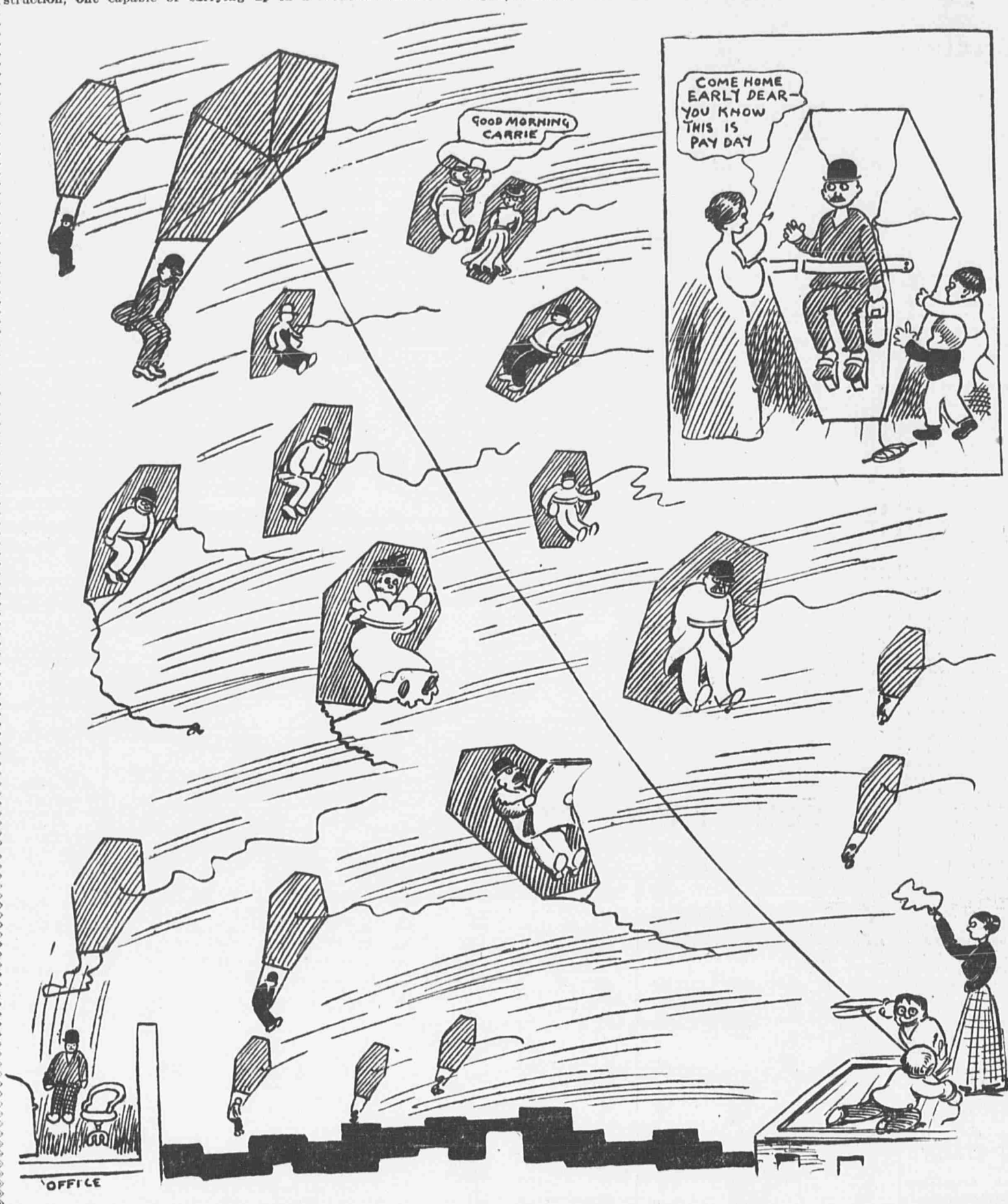
The dead since the earth was created. Lived they not for you and me? They made the world that we live in. Such a glorious place to be! Take mine for your life's motto— It will make you strong and true: And live your life for the living. As the dead have lived for you.

—L. W. Gillman, in Baltimore Herald.

## IF ALL GOES WELL WITH MR. BELL THERE'LL BE NO 'L.'

The Rapid Transit of the Future Pictured by Artist Powers.

"I have come to the conclusion that a properly constructed flying machine should be capable of being flown as a kite, if anchored to the ground; and that, conversely, a properly constructed kite should be capable of use as a flying machine if provided with suitable means of propulsion. My experiments have had as their object the building of a kite of solid construction, one capable of carrying up in a moderate breeze a weight equivalent to that of a man and engine, and so formed that it would be suitable for use as the body of a flying machine—and with supporting surfaces so arranged that when the kite is cut loose it will come down gently and steadily and land uninjured. I have successfully accomplished this, but do not care at the present time to make public the details of construction."—ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL to the New York World.



## WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

### A GOOD CHALK TRICK.



Here is the way to make nine marks out of three without using a piece of chalk or dividing the lines. Make three lines with the chalk on a table. Strike the three lines with the open palm of the hand and then this palm against the sleeve of your coat, which must be dark. Three lines on the table, three on the palm and three on the coat sleeve make nine in all.

### A WALNUT TRICK.

Here is an amusing after-dinner trick, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Take a walnut between the thumb and the second and third fingers, so that the pointed end of the walnut is on top and bony thumb and fingers touch the groove between the two parts of the shell. Squeeze the nut very hard until the shells separate slightly at the point, then press your forefinger on the point and stop squeezing. The shells as they come together again will pinch between them a tiny fold of the skin of your forehead. Now you may open your hand wide and show the walnut hanging from your forehead by the invisible fold of the skin.

### HOW JAPS DO THINGS.

Two Japanese youths sent out by their Government to make a practical study of trade are at work in Lima, Peru, one in a grocery's shop and the other in a silk-weaving establishment.

### THE MAKING OF A TRI-COLORED STAR.

From one-half of a folding screen cut out a four-pointed star standing on one of its points; from the other half cut out a similar star standing on two points. By placing candles or lamps directly opposite the centres of the stars you make on the wall a patch of light shaped like an eight-pointed star. Now hold a piece of red glass in front of one candle, a green glass in front of the other. The centre of the eight-pointed star remains white, while the points become alternately red and green.

The red glass alone produces nearly the same effect. Half the points become red and the others appear green by contrast, while the centre, though really red, appears white because all the illumination is of the same color. Of course, all other lamps in the room should be extinguished. Similar effects can be produced with yellow and blue glasses. If colored glass is not at hand, a glass of red wine, or of water tinted with a little dye, will serve.

### FLOWERS IN THE HAIR.

One long discarded custom is being brought into favor—that of wearing a flower in the hair. Had woman realized to what an extent the pretty custom was admired and even loved by the majority of the opposite sex it never would have fraternized with the spinning wheel, the blue dishes and the lace mitts in the dim and cobwebbed garret of things past.

To man, and that man a sweetheart, this little art, for such it is, of putting a flower in the hair is a signal to all the sensitive sentiment within him. If you doubt this look to the volleys of the poets. There you will find holding sway and running riot as roses on an old wall such phrases as "a blossom in her tresses," "a flower to bewitch me in her hair," and "that rose above her ear was my undying."

Whether the hair be black or brown, red or gold, the charm of primeval femininity remains the same.

### WROTE BOOK WHILE WAITING FOR WIFE.

Mme. de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high repute. Mme. de Genlis profited by this example. Having to wait at the dinner hour in the Palais Royal for Mme. de Chartres, who was always fifteen or twenty minutes late, she utilized the time by copying a selection of poems from eminent authors.

It is told of a German critic that he could repeat the entire "Iliad" of Homer with scarcely an error. How many years, think you, did he spend in depositing the immortal epic in his brain? Years he had not to spare, or months or weeks or even entire days, for he was a physician in the full tide of practice, but he contrived to store in his memory the twenty-four books of the old bard of "Scho's rocky isle" in the brief, disconnected sketches of time while hurrying from one patient to another.—William Matthews, in December Success.



THIS IS HOW IT IS DONE.

### THE AGE TO MARRY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the course of a letter to a young friend who had married, wrote:

"I do indeed congratulate you on changing your isolated condition into the beatific state of duality. The very moment one feels that he is falling into the old age of youth—which I take to be from twenty-five to thirty, in most cases—he must not dally any longer; the first era of his life is not fairly closed, and he may live half his bright days over again if woman's pure kiss, sweet and long, comes only to his lips before it is too late. If he waits till the next epoch of life begins, there is great danger lest he marry his wife as a jockey buys a horse—scarcely, shrewdly, and merely as a convenience in his domestic operations."

## THE MAN HIGHER UP.

ON REFORMERS AND BOUQUETS.

"I SEE the reform administration agrees with me, that it is all right, all right," remarked the Cigar-Store Man.

"You don't suppose that the reform administration would get up and throw rocks at itself, do you?" asked The Man Higher Up. "You don't suppose that having the deal it would give itself anything but picture cards and aces? Even if the streets were piled up with garbage, the parks were like back lots, the hospitals were falling down, the finances were on the blink and the tenement-houses had mould on them, the reform administration could produce figures showing that the people are better cared for and happier than ever they were before. So could any other administration."

"One of the first things a man learns to do when he takes a new job is to make good with himself. He figures that if he can stand pat on a statement he can make people think it is true. I'm not saying that the reports of the reform commissioners are not true. All I'm saying is that I'd like to look at the annual report of any administration that ever ran New York that didn't show it to be the best administration that ever came out of the election incubator."

"As a matter of fact, reports don't cut more than enough ice to chill a Mexican dog. If you will look at the Tammany reports for the first year Van Wyck was in office you will think the streets were paved with gold, that everybody in town went to work in a private hansom, that all tenement-houses had tiled vestibules and that food and drink were free—if you believe the reports. It's a shine Commish that can't make comparisons odious to the Commish that preceded him in office."

"You know the ancient wheeze that figures can't lie. Neither can they without a supporting company. But I've seen men who could take a troupe of figures and make them perform in a way calculated to cause Annas to turn over in his grave and ask somebody to hand him one for being such a heel in the prevarication line."

"Mayor Low will come out with a few yards of words and figures to show what his assistants have done. About the only people who will read the headlines, wade in a couple of inches and suddenly discover that they have been reading the same thing year after year. The reformers went in to make a better city and if one of them said he wasn't doing what he was elected to do it would be the cue to give him a run of the bughouse."

"There never will be a satisfactory city government. No matter how many of the arms of it work in it there will be one or more out of harmony. The people will overlook what ten city departments have done and concentrate their minds on one city department that has made a bum showing. Then they will get sour on the whole administration on account of the one department and put in a new administration."

"There isn't a man who pays rent who don't think that he could run the city better than the Mayor run it. As they all can't be Mayors they take extreme pleasure in exercising the divine right of jumping on the man who is."

"Do you think they will jump on Mayor Low?" asked the Cigar-Store Man.

"Well," replied The Man Higher Up, "there never was a man who found the proper virus wherewith to vaccinate himself against being jumped on."

## "THE MAN HIGHER UP" READ AND LAUGHED AT IN AN "L" CAR.

THE Manhattan Elevated Packing Company's 521 P. M. Harlem express shipment of downtown lambs halted for a moment at the Warren street station, where, among the others who squeezed into the two cubic feet of shrinkage remaining, a tall, thin man, with a serious face, from which blinked brightly two bright little blue eyes, got on. By the time the train reached Christopher street he was well within the door, increased between three fat men.

The fat men began complaining vigorously at his presence in their midst, at the same time saying hard things about the management of the road. The tall, thin man listened in silence until the final groan of passengers as they settled into their allotted notches of space, as the express swung out of the Christopher street station. Then he spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I can see that your sense of humor is somewhat cramped. Here I have a copy of the Evening World. Just a minute, gentlemen"—to the three fat men—"take a long breath." They did so and he raised a newspaper above their heads and said:

"Before I begin, do you know 'The Man Higher Up' No? Well, then, by way of simple introduction, he talks for The Evening World, wherein he takes a considerable and philosophical view of all the public evils impending in this city and offers the most simple but at the same time the most drastic solutions of the clamored-for relief. I will read you what he has to say 'On "L" Road Management.'"

He had a good voice which carried throughout the jammed car, and after he had read for a few minutes every man, woman and boy wore a broad smile of good nature, and when he concluded everybody seemed to have room to give vent to his hearty laugh; and as he continued a rapid fire of his own observations before the train reached the Harlem station the faces of all showed that the discomforts of the situation were entirely forgotten.

### ORIGIN OF THE HANDSHAKE.

To shake hands with a person is rightly regarded as a token of amity, but very few know how the custom arose, says the Pittsburg Gazette. According to a French ethnologist, whenever two men met in former times they were accustomed to hold up their right hands in front of them as a sign that they had no intention of attacking each other. This mark of confidence, however, did not prove sufficient in all cases, for a man may hold up his right hand and yet, if he kept his left hand close to his body, may have a dagger in it, and, therefore, it became the custom for the two right hands to grasp each other, as only thus could full assurance be given that no weapon was concealed in either of them. Formerly, therefore, this gesture, now the token of loyalty and friendship, was one of reciprocal distrust.

### NO SPICE FOR ROCKEFELLER.

Much has been written concerning John D. Rockefeller's aversion to society. Certainly he is in a position to choose his companions and pleasure. However, many persons believe that because of his exclusiveness he is missing some of the rarest pleasures of life.

A business acquaintance, well known in the financial world, ventured to suggest that the oil king should enter society, adding that "society, as well as variety, was the spice of life."

"Perhaps," admitted Mr. Rockefeller, "but too much spice has spoiled many a good dinner."

### TONGUE TWISTERS.

Try to say "Truly rural" a dozen times in quick succession. Here are two that it will bother you to say seven times over. The rate you usually speak: "She smells delicious" and "Shoes and socks shock Susan." If you are content with saying "Shusen," you're doing just what you should.